

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Miss Barnes, Ziegfeld Frolic Beauty, Gives Two Exercises to Be Graceful

Why We Quarreled No. 7—The Husband's Insistence on Keeping Open House the Bane of This Wife's Days



One last word of advice: Take these exercises before an open window, breathing deeply as you do them. Keep your head well and your shoulders back. A smile on your face will also help.

Briefly described the first two exercises I have illustrated today are:

1. Raise opposite leg and arm. Alternate. Let limbs swing easily and freely.
2. Turn head and throw out arm. Move head to front from side, keeping arm in front position. Then move head from front to opposite side, changing arms.

(The value of this exercise lies in the rapidity with which it is done.)

In another article I will complete the series with two more exercises, which may be taken as a group for daily use.



PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Miss Helen Barnes, one of the most graceful dancers of the Ziegfeld Mid-night Frolic cast, in her article today, written especially for the Omaha Bee, tells how important a place calisthenics takes in the daily life of every woman seeking to make herself more graceful. Miss Barnes illustrates her ideas in specially posed pictures, showing the exercises she advocates for everyday use.

By HELEN BARNES.
The world needs more graceful women. Every day I see thousands of women with sufficient beauty, but they do not know, with all their pretty faces, how to walk well. They sit with a spineless bump in between their shoulders. They think the ingenuitous attractive. Women need to wake up.

Awkwardness in a woman is little short of criminal. A pretty, awkward woman is a real tragedy.

A little will power, a little determination, a half hour earlier rising and the trick is turned. By that I mean, if she will, a woman can get over the bugbear of awkwardness by daily exercises in calisthenics. I know the efficiency of daily calisthenics. They are miracle workers for all women with patience enough to test them until they really get results. But there must be no weariness in well doing. Exercises started must be faithfully performed night and morning.

Take these two simple lessons in calisthenics I have illustrated today. Wonderful results can be obtained by any woman who conscientiously follows them. But this must always be remembered: They must be done vigorously. Lackadaisical exercises do more harm than good. Put

enthusiasm into anything which requires a physical effort, and start your blood circulating better. You will feel ten times better afterward if you do.

A Fictionless Fable

All About a Man Who Took Love Wholly for Granted

By ANN LISLE.
There was once a man who had been in love with many women—and then he met the girl. He knew her at once, and in the light of his knowledge he felt swept out of his own life course into one that was new and strange.

He felt suddenly good, and he desired to be better.

"I am not worthy of you," he told the girl, "but don't give me up—perhaps I will be some day."

He fully intended to be worthy—when he got around to it. But in the meantime there were the books of his old way of living to close; there was a little more freedom to be enjoyed—a little more certainty of the wearing quality of his love for the girl to be assured by time—

Dandruff Soon Ruins The Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't. It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single ounce and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.—Advertisement.

and a little more money to make so that marriage would not mean a sacrifice of the 25 cent cigars his bachelorhood permitted him to enjoy.

And Nathalie, blissfully forgetting that she was the girl and remembering only that she was a girl—went. At first the little gayeties, once so dear to her and now so seldom in her life, were merely stimulating and a means to forgetting the aches and doubts in her heart. Then she began enjoying her good times—and feeling grateful to the man who gave them to her—and then came a timid fondness for the man who understood her instead of demanding that she understand him.

No longer did she wait for home calls that did not come. No longer did she anticipate engagements that were broken at the last minute. And the man who took her for granted wondered why she was always so placid and cheery nowadays and then concluded that she was a sensible little thing who saw the futility of nagging at him because he could not see her more often and devote his life to giving her good times.

For three months the man devoted himself to making her happy, and the other looked forward to the time when he could let her make him happy. And then one night the good friend who was making Nathalie happy turned into a lover and she found his arm a haven from all the turmoil of life.

The next day she sent for the man who had taken her for granted and told him of her engagement.

"He loves me and wants to devote his life to making me happy," said she.

"But I need you. I can't be happy without you. You love me," said he. And he swept her into his arms, where she found turbulent emotion and wild unrest.

And so they were married—and did not live happy ever after, although the girl tried her best.

MORAL: We get what we want in this world—but most of us don't want what is good for us.

Protection of Birds Not Wholly Inspired by Man's Selfishness

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

One of the great marks of the growing civilization of a nation is its care for the life and happiness of its sub-human inhabitants. We have no warrant beyond

that of our own egotism for assuming that the earth and its fullness were created solely, or even principally, for our use and enjoyment.

The other creatures were placed here by the same incomprehensible power that made us, and because we have more intelligence than they possess is no reason for our claiming a right to oppress, slay, exterminate or enslave them.

In the eyes of omniscience our intelligence may not be so very wonderful a thing as we imagine, and not at all entitled to sweep everything out of its path. On the other hand, it is ennobled when it recognizes not only the rights of more humble creatures, but also its own duty, arising from the mere fact of its superiority, to aid and protect them.

An admirable instance of this is found in the announcement that the United States statute for the protection of migratory birds is to be strictly enforced during the "open season" for game, which is at hand. The provisions of this statute furnish an interesting recognition of one of the most mysterious peculiarities in the life habits of the feathered inhabitants of the air. The birds for reasons of their own, have divided the territory of the United States into two broad zones, one of which is denominated as the breeding zone, and the other as the wintering zone.

As defined by the law, the breeding zone includes the states of Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, which form an irregular line across the country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and all states situated north of them. The wintering zone, on the contrary, comprises all the states lying south of the ten above named. In both of these zones the killing of "game birds" is permitted within the months enumerated in the statute, but the "be-



ginning of the open season is, in general, about a month later in the breeding than in the wintering zone. In no case, however, is the shooting of insectivorous birds permitted. These are birds, including nearly all the common species seen about the fields and gardens, which habitually devour noxious insects, that are injurious to crops, fruits and vegetables.

So far as the terms of the law alone show the purpose is simply the selfish one of preventing the destruction of birds which are useful to farmers and gardeners, though not always recognized as such even by those who enjoy the benefits of their work, in keeping down the insect pests. But, in reality, there is a higher purpose behind one that is fully recognized by the Audubon societies and other organizations whose insistence has produced the law and obtained its enforcement, and that is to preserve these birds for the sake of their songs and their beauty.

This is something which is worthy of an advanced civilization. It is legislation inspired by such instincts as those that made the Greeks of antiquity a last and model to mankind. Only a people like them could afford to make laws openly proclaimed to be intended to preserve ideas of beauty and excellence, and having no relation to selfish or commercial interests.

But while the expression of such an intention would probably be greeted with ridicule by many of our legislators, the object can be, and has been, attained through the game laws now in existence, and there is every reason to believe that the benefit derived by farmers and horticulturists from the enforcement of the laws will secure them against the efforts of the "sporting interests" for their abrogation or relaxation.

Already there are encouraging reports from some parts of the country that the number of native song birds, and birds that add attraction to the meadows, fields, gardens and woodlands by the splendor of their plumage, is perceptibly increasing.

I confess that there was a time when I had a boy's fondness for shooting at a living mark, but I am thankful that I never could be persuaded to kill a bird notable for its beauty, or from whose throat I had heard any of the aerial melodies that only birds can make. A man who would deliberately shoot a hermit thrush, after having heard its chant at sundown, or a mockbird after its morning song, could not be a reader of Shakespeare.

My husband and I have had many a quarrel on the subject of hospitality. This seems as if one of us did not want to entertain or entertain in our home. This is not true. I am fond of entertaining and am always glad to ask people to our house—always, that is, when it is convenient. But I do insist that I, as the housekeeper, am the best judge as to when it is convenient.

On this point my husband and I disagree. He loves to keep open house, is half-reluctant to entertain with everybody. He argues, "What is the fun of having a house if one cannot ask one's acquaintances to it whenever one wants to?"

The consequence is that, without a word to me, he says to the man with whom he chances to have some business conversation, "Come home to supper with me, would you?" He did this one day this summer, when I was "up to my ears" preserving strawberries. I had stood over the hot stove all the busy June day.

It happened to be ironing-day, too; for that was the time when I was able to get a bargain in berries. The vendor from whom I had ordered them brought them to me early Tuesday morning, much to my dismay.

"I did not expect them until tomorrow," I said.

"No, my dear, but I found I could get 'em for 2 cents less a box than I could tomorrow," he explained.



HE BROUGHT IN ONE OF HIS FRIENDS FOR DINNER UNANNOUNCED WHEN I WAS WHOLLY UNPREPARED.

"You'll be satisfied with a cold supper, won't you, Henry?" I asked, as I told him good-bye. "I have a bad day before me."

"Surely," he answered, and went his way.

There was half a cold chicken in the ice box. This, with a head of lettuce and French dressing, followed by iced tea, would make our evening meal.

Imagine, therefore, my consternation when, at quarter before seven—as I was donning an old gown of the vintage of two years ago, but deliciously thin—I heard my husband's voice at the front door calling:

"My dear, where are you? I have brought a friend home to dinner."

I greeted his friend as politely as I could. I had never seen him before. My husband accompanied the introduction with the remark that he had always wanted us to meet each other.

I will not take the space to tell how I hurried to help my maid pare and cream some potatoes, nor how I had to ask the hired girl to run around to a delicatessen shop and buy a whole roast chicken. Then I telephoned for a quart of ice cream, and we sat down to this unsatisfactory repast.

I was too weary to talk much, but I did try to be pleasant. Yet, when our guest had left, my husband chided me with my evident chagrin at the presence of his business friend.

"But," I explained, "I was expecting nobody. And I had ready barely enough food for ourselves. I was fearfully mortified."

"I wouldn't have cared a bit," he maintained stoutly. "It would have been nicer to set out what we had, laughingly explain the situation, and show the man that he was welcome. What is good enough for you and me is good enough for anybody."

"That is his theory and he lives up to it always. We had a small summer cottage, and he often brings a man and his wife at the last minute and cannot understand why I am worried at not having our one guest-room ready for them."

"What's the use of a maid if she can't get the room ready in a jiffy?" he asks. Perhaps the most trying experience I ever had along these lines was last winter when I was just convalescing from a week's illness. My husband's cousin and cousin's daughter came to the city, and Henry met them on the street. He immediately asked them to come and stay with us over the week-end—after which he telephoned me what he had done. I fairly gasped at the news.

"But, my dear husband!" I exclaimed. "We have no room for them!"

"Oh," he said, "have the girl in with you in our room, and give her father the guest room. I can sleep on the couch for those two nights. And they won't mind the lack of formality. They are, after all, only members of the family, you know."

As my husband walked out of the room, I knew he was thinking me a monster of inhospitality.

Yet if he had to do the extra work and pacify the rebellious maid, would he be as hospitable as he is now?

They were not members of my family, and I reminded Henry of this fact after they had gone home. While they were with us, I kept silence on the subject. But Monday-night, when we were once more by ourselves and I had gone to bed with a nervous headache, I spoke my mind.

"It is not fair," I remarked, "to make me keep a free boarding house for your family and friends. I do not force my relatives and intimates on you at all times and seasons without asking your permission. I am not well, and you should consider me in such matters."

Henry was mad, of course, and called me inhospitable.

"You go to too much trouble," he chided. "You care too much for appearances. Let our guests take us as they find us. They come to see us, not our house. If you could only understand that what is good enough for us is good enough for anybody."

"Oh, I'm tired of that theory!" I exclaimed. Then, because I was half sick I began to cry softly.

As my husband walked out of the room, I knew he was thinking me a monster of inhospitality.

Being Worth While

One Thing to Bear in Mind

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Whatever your position in life, however dissatisfied with your work and recompense, you want to remember one fact—you can be "worth while."

You can make yourself worthy of better things, and when you have become fully worthy of a change for the better, when you have absolutely outgrown your present environment, a change will come.

You may have no time for self-improvement, as you may be working from early morn till late at night at some distasteful labor, and you may tell me that it is impossible to grow or make progress under such conditions.

But watch your opportunities. You are in hourly contact with your fellow workers. Watch yourself to see that you do not show selfishness in your treatment of them.

In the places where you live or board, in the street cars, in the shops where you go for your supplies, how are you treating your fellow? Are you as unselfish, or polite, or considerate, as you want others to be to you? You think monopoly and greed are responsible for your troubles. You are overworked and ill-paid because those in higher places have no thought for others. But are you showing thought for others?

Look back over this day. Have you been unselfish and kind and considerate toward every one? Did you start the day with a loving word and a smile at home? Did you enter your place of business with a cheerful air and make everybody feel better by your presence?

Or did you carry a cold, surly or irritable personality into the room that felt like a wet blanket on those about you? Were you patient and polite when you went shopping? Did you remember that the salesmen and women were needing encouragement and sympathy in their work just as much as you do in yours?

Did you think to say a pleasant word to the newsboy and bootblack, or did you forget that they had as much right to consideration in this world as yourself?

If you have thought of nothing and nobody today but yourself, your own troubles, hardships and needs, then rest assured you have not fitted yourself to

fill a higher position or receive better pay. The world wants better men and women more than it wants better government. All changes which can be brought about, in any way of reform, will never make the world a particle better until you and I, and every living man and woman, set to work to improve ourselves. Great changes are on the way. Great abuses are about to pass. Unexpected events are near. But no one of these changes, nor all of them, can materially benefit humanity unless individuals fit themselves to be better men and women. What have you done today to improve yourself?



For Women Who Think!

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